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THE Brownies

ALL COMICS!



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the Brownies on the Farm

The Brownies live on
Farmer Brown's farm
and have lots of fun...



Hey, fellows! Look what we found! A whole jar of molasses!



Hello, Sweet Boy!

Yum, yum! Wobbly never tasted as good as that before!



Ha, ha! Even Bessie loves you!

Lemme go! Lemme go!



From now on I stay away from molasses! It gets you into nothing but trouble!



Aha! A swimming pool! Just what I need to wash up!



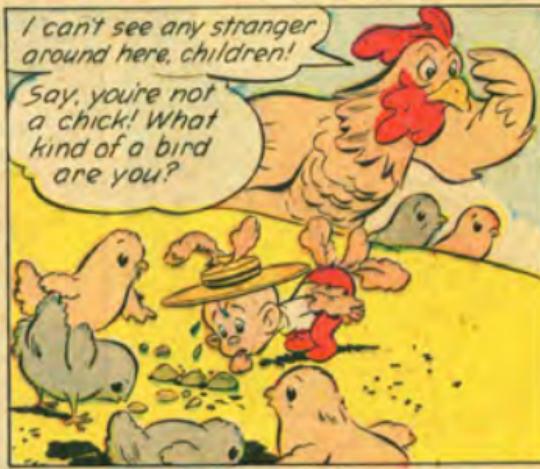
Look, chicks, somebody's dirtying up our drinking water!

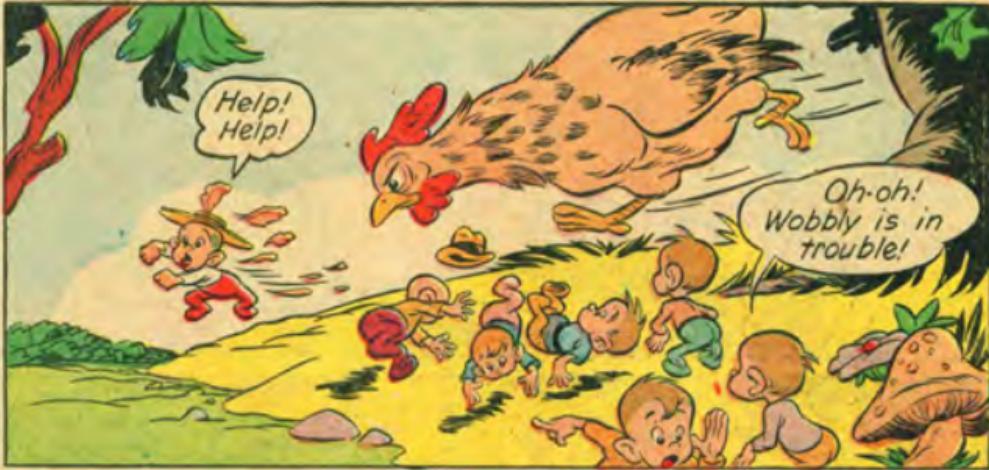


Mama! Mama! Somebody's spoiling our water!

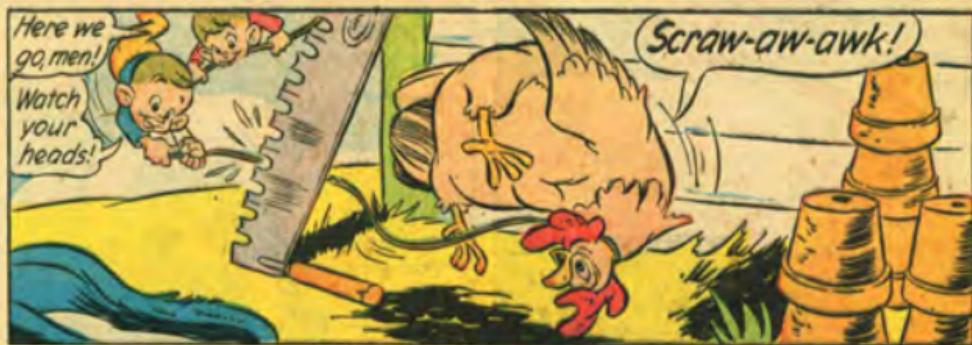
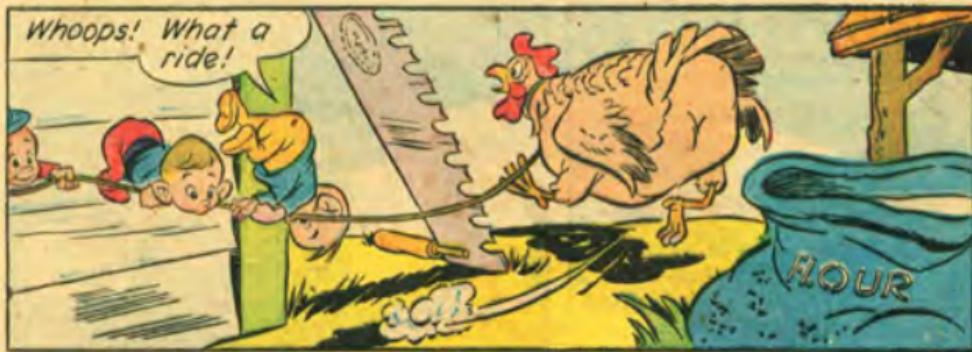


I'd better run! Those big hens can be awful mean when they're mad!

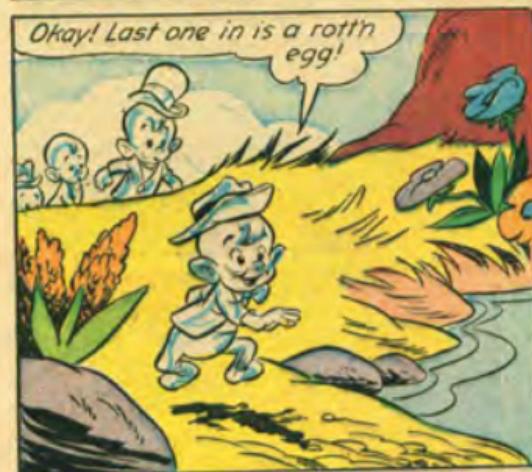
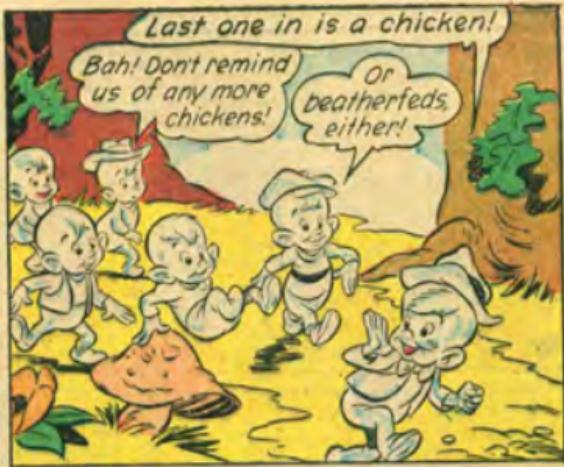
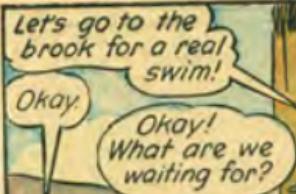












Yippee!



Hey, look, fellows!
We scared the frogs!



And the fish, too!



We are the toughest, roughest,
rootin', tootin', shootin' Brownies!
That's what we are!



FTTTTT!



Help! Help!
I'm being attacked!



I'm all cleaned up! How about you fellows?

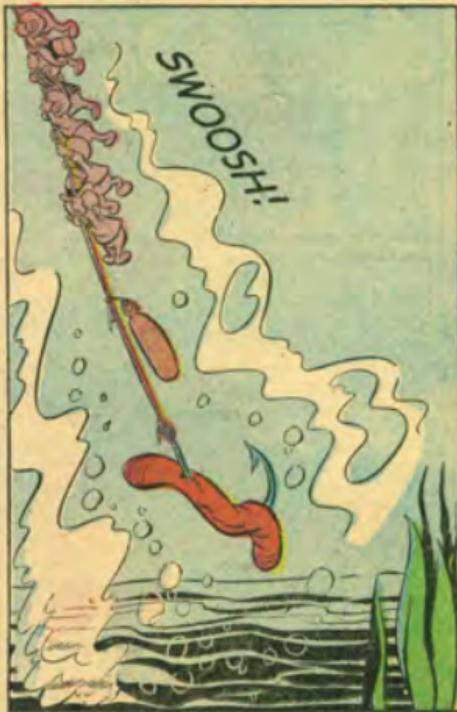
Me, too! Let's all swim out aways!

Let's go!

Wait for me while I get my hat!





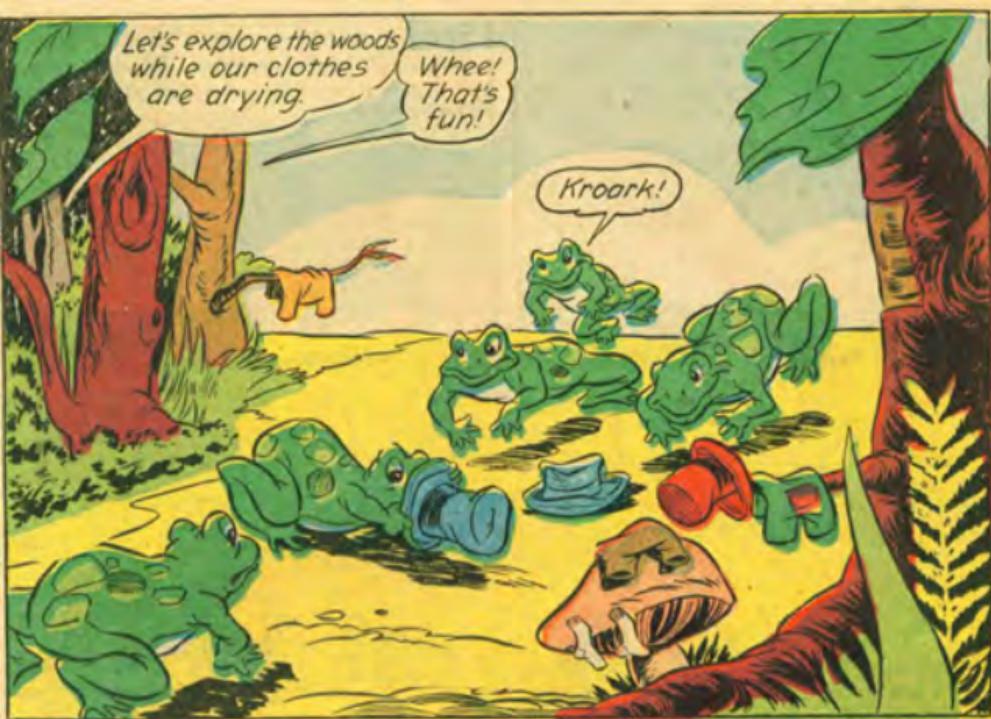




Let's explore the woods
while our clothes
are drying.

Whee!
That's
fun!

Kroark!



Hey! I just saw our hats
goin' down river on those
frogs!

And our
clothes!

And my lobster
flannels-er-flannel
sunburn-er-my
thingamajigs!



That's a fine kettle of fish!

A kettle of frogs, you mean! What'll we do?

Step right this way, folks! Suits made while you wait!

Look! Shorty's got an idea!

There! A perfect fit!

Achoo! I still miss my fed rannels—er—achoo!

We're a fine looking bunch of Brownies, if I do say so myself!

Agreed! We're the berries, by juniper! All dressed up and no place to go!

What's that?

Let's go see

Watch it spin!

What fun!

It's stopping. Hurry, fellows, I want to make it go 'round some more.

We'll give it a spin, we will, we will!



Steady! Steady! All aboard! Plenty of room in the rear-er—I mean, on the top!



Oops!

Who did that?

It's the wind! We must be riding on a windmill! Whee! Let 'er rip!

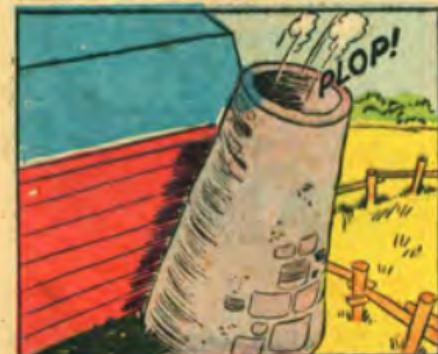
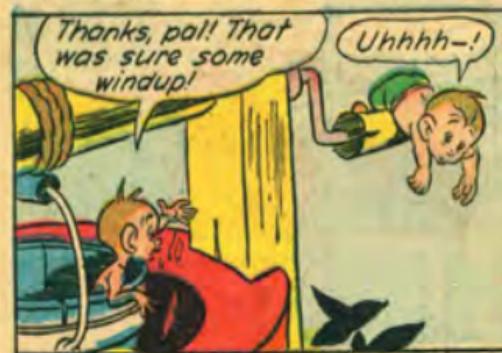
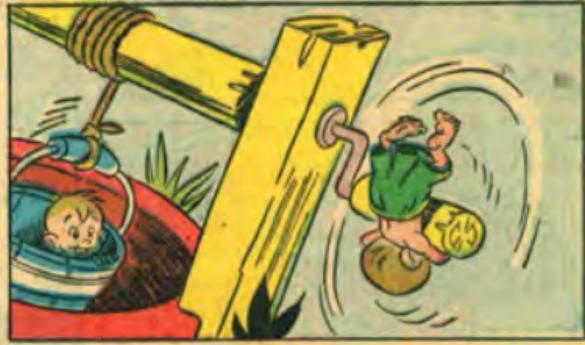
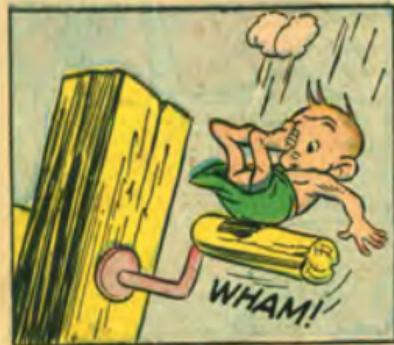


Eeeow! I'm slipping—slipping—slipped!

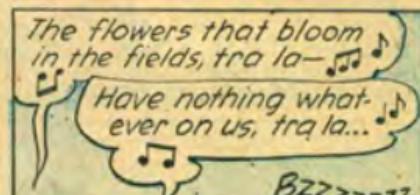
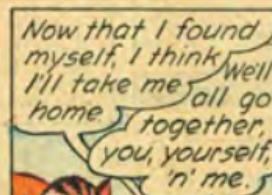
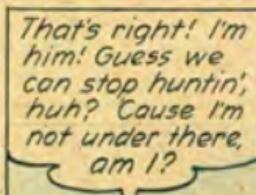
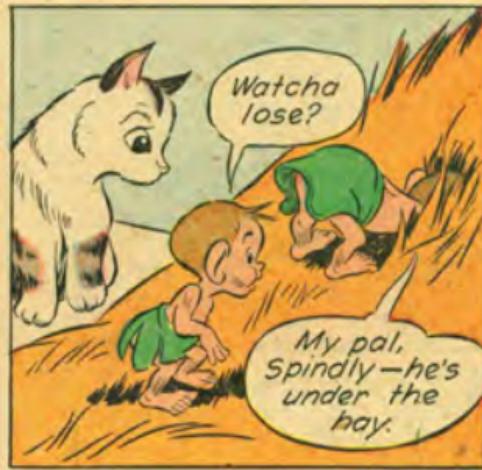
Ulp! Well, high 'n' dry, anyhow!

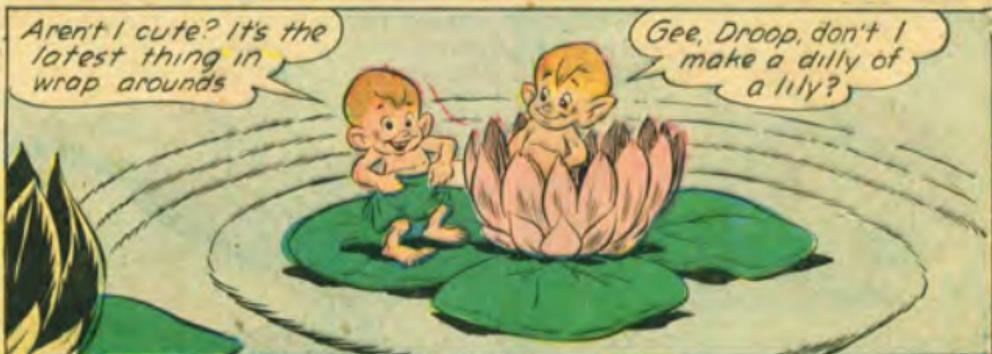
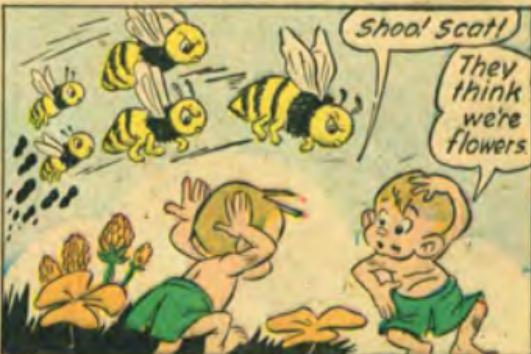
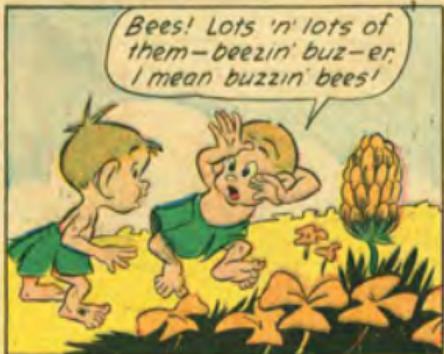


Oof! Ow! Eeek!











Now I do thus,
thisly...

Uip!



Whee!

Oops! Ouch!
Forgot to let
down my
landing gear!

Wait, Brainy! If you
spring me, who'll
spring you? There's
just us left!

Just so, Beetlenose, just
so... a puzzling puzzle.

Perhaps Mister Mole
will help us?



Mister Mole sir! Oh,
Mister Mole!

Say, Brainy, are you sure
that is Mister Mole's
place?

I never make mole hills out
of anything
but mole
hills.

Brainy!
Careful!
You'll fall!!





Er - what do you want me to do?



We can't fall up the way we fell down... I guess we'll just have to try straight ahead. Wish we could see

D-did you hear something then?

Oops!



Not that I'd mind any mole ole-er- old mole-eek-look!

It's an eye! A big eye!



Eye, my eye! Brainy, that's sunshine! Good ole sunshiny sunshine!

Yippee! We're on top soil again!

Oh, dear, look! The cattails are on the other side of the brook. We can't spring across. Now what'll we do?



Do? Why, Brainy, we don't do anything! The mole tunnel went right under the brook!

We're here, on the other side. And look, there's the rest of our gang!



Hey, fellers, now that we found these two, let's go home. I'm hungry!

Me, too!



Bing, bong!
Clink clank!

What's that?



It's Bessie, men! We're in the pasture. Follow her home, but don't get too close! In these outfits we look too much like gay young blades of grass.



Moooo!



Good ole Bessie, she recognizes me!



How do you know?
What does "Moo"
mean, Bessie?

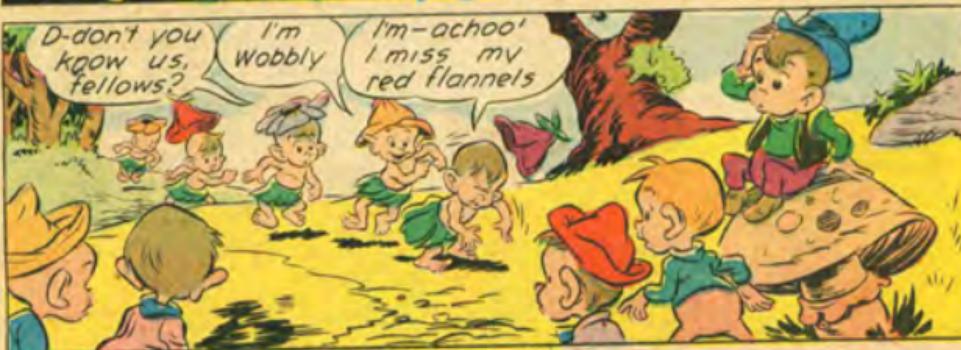


See! It means "Moo"
for one thing. Home,
Bessie... She under-
stands me—she does,
she does!

Wonder what happened to Wobbly, 'n' Spindly, 'n' Egghead, 'n' Droopy, 'n' the rest. They've been gone for ages and ages.



Hold up my eyebrows! What manner of creatures are these?





Hoppy sure was madder than—
madder than a—he sure was
mad! I shouldn't have
been so hasty.

'Cause where am I
going to
find an
orchestra?

Chirp-sniff—
sob-chirp...

Why, it's my friend Itznott!
(Sniff—)
What is the matter?

Ah, such a sad story!
You shouldn't have
to hear such
a sad story.

This'll cheer you,
Itznott! You're
just the ma-er-
insec-er, fellow
we Brownies
are looking
for.

We want you to play
happy music for our
party! Won't
that be
fun?

Fun! Hmm! Some
fun there'll be for
me without my
Chirpalina!

Where is it? If you are
knowing and not telling,
you are no longer my
friend!

A Brownie wouldn't do anything mean: We want everyone to be happy and you know it. Shame on you, Itznott! Besides, what's a chirpalina?



It is on what I make my beautiful music, little one, like so...



A rare instrument of great value. It belonged to my ancestors. Someone has stolen it.



We shall find it, Itznott. We've got to! The party can't be a success without you.

And I can't be a success without it.



What am I hearing? Could it be? Such horrible noises, and yet I think...

Why, it's Classy Grasshopper's shack. Sounds like he's sawing wood. Let's go 'round back and see.



My chirpalina! You good-for-nothing—

Don't excite yourself, Itzy!

SCREAK SQUAWK

Now grab yer partners 'n' throw 'em 'round!



I'll tear him apart!

Classy! Classy!
Hey!



Say, Classy, never
mind the dancing.
Where'd you get
Itznott's chirpalina?



Well, since Itznott, here, was
always squawkin' 'bout how
old the thing was, I figured
he didn't set
much store
by it...



So I just ups 'n' borrows
it the other day, while
he is nappin'!



Spare me!
Spare me!

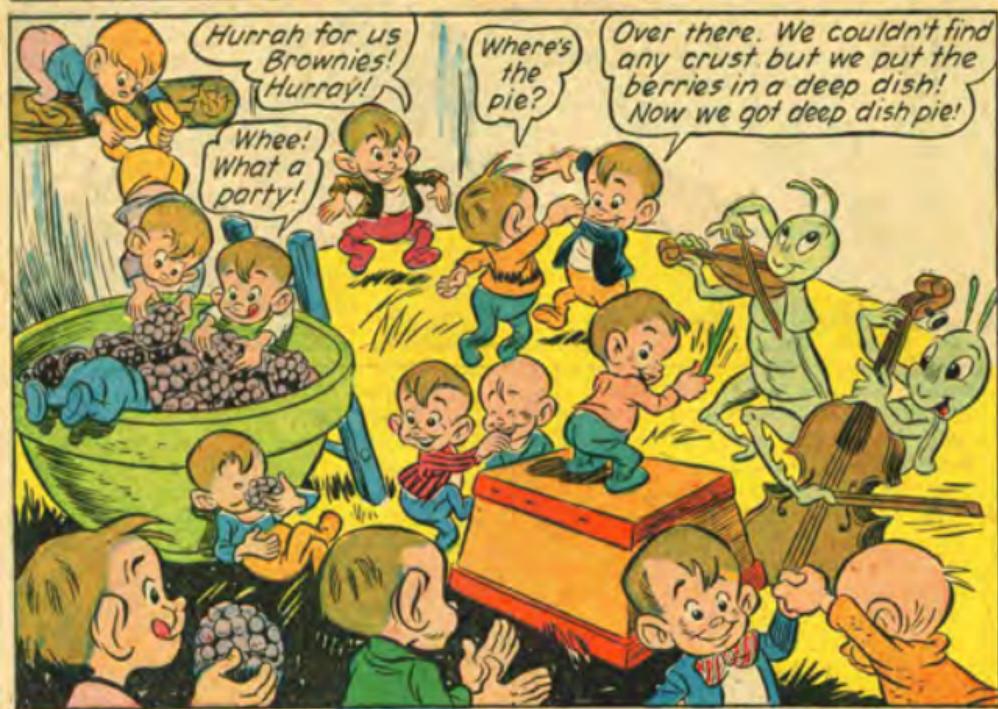
Plenty
good!

Plays purty
good, don't
it?



Now give it back,
Classy, and the
next time you
borrow some-
thing, ask
for it.

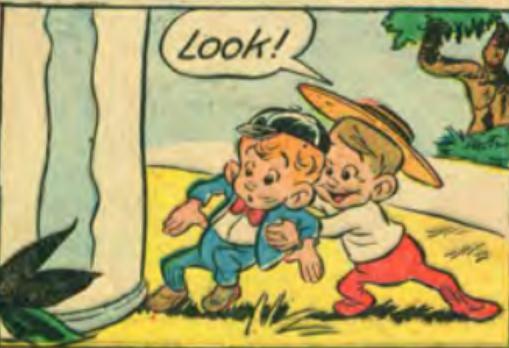




So, as you can see, the Brownies on Farmer Brown's farm are really having a wonderful time.



The Brownies and the Picnic





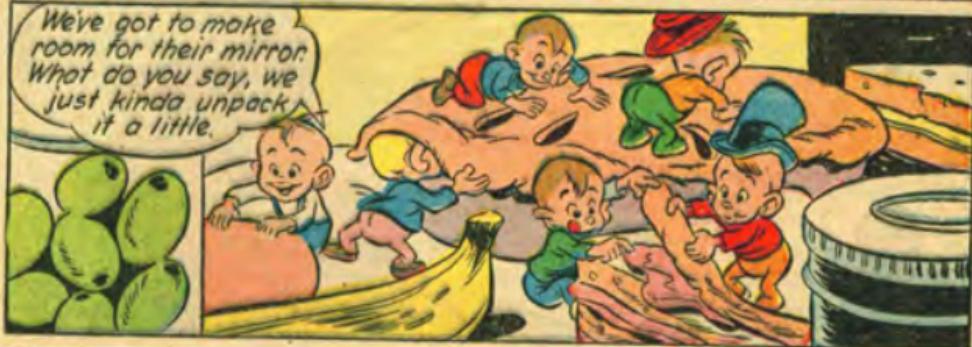
Yum! Something smells deeeelicious!



Wh-why, it's full, and I just happen to be so empty!



We've got to make room for their mirror. What do you say, we just kinda unpack it a little.



M-mmm! How I love pickles! There's just nothing like a good old "packsnack"—er, I mean "nicpic."



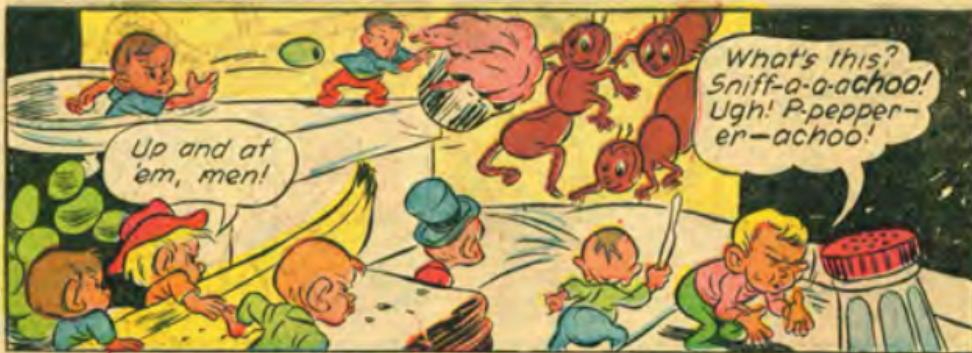
What you mean is "picnic!"



Uh oh, fellahs, I think this party's about to get crowded!







It looks real good, it does!

Good enough to eat!
Can't remember when
I had my last
square meal!



Guess it's been a long time, Stuffy, 'cause you sure are getting rounder-and rounder!



Here they come!



Why, it's Farmer Brown and his family!

Wonder what they'll give us for finding their mirror... I hope!

I sure am hungry!



Everything will be ready in a jiffy!



Ohh! Oh, my! Our
beautiful picnic!
It's ruined—
all spoiled!



Where did this old tin can come from? Did you ever!! And somethings been nibbling the food!



What does she mean—"something"? We're Brownies, we are, and that's not something—or—is it? I mean...?



"Nibbling," did she say!!!? By my pearly teeth, I ate, I did!



I declare! Pepper, all over everything!



A fine way to—achoo—treat us—ha—achoo! Pepper!



Throwing us out! That's going too far!



I felt a rain-drop!

I felt two!

Hurrah! She
doesn't want
the mirror!
Let's get it.

Hurry! Hurry!
We'll all be
soaked!

How considerate
of them to
leave us a
few bites.

(There's nothing like the sound)
of rain on a tin roof!

You bet!
Eating out in the
rain may be "no
picnic" for some folks—
but we Brownies
think it's great!

The Brownies and the Caterpillars

At it again, they are—
duck, Mixer! That
was a fast one!

Those
caterpillars
are just plain
old silly!

Ouch! That's enough!
And **too** much!

Come on, Itchy!
This is one pillar
fight we're going
to stop!

Break it up, you
wiggle-willed
wiener!

Shh, Mixer! They'll just
start throwing pillars at
us! Besides, we can't stop
them from fussing...

They're too stupid to be
smart enough to be
sensible!

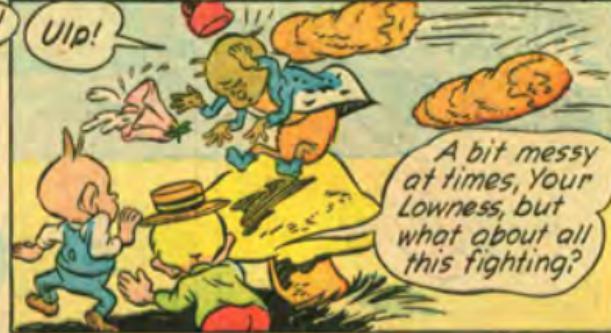
There's old Herman Erman, the
Caterpillar King of Fuzz. He
must know what all
the bickering's about.

Gurgle, gurgle—slurp—hup... Ahem! You boys waiting to converse with My Lowness?

Yes, Herman, we want to stop all this pillar fighting!



I do love to blow bubbles! Undignified, though, isn't it, boys?



What a waste! It was dew, you know, and it just won't dew again until night-fall! What shall I do for a drink of dew until the dew-drops fall?

I'll get you more dew-only please let's stop this rumpus!



It's the mushrooms, you know, boys. They just will fight over them. They go off and then come back and forget which one they were resting under. This goes on all the time. I'm quite used to it.



It's the only way to stop them, Itchy!

All right! Let's go and get some paint, but I think it's a waste of time!



Good luck, boys! It won't do a bit of good, you know.



See you later, Your Lowness.

Yes, yes — and the dew, boys — don't forget the dew, you know.



We'll need brushes and paints, and something to mix the colors in...



There's Arty! He'll tell us where to find the stuff.



Hello, Arty! Paintin' another picture, huh? Oh — hello, fellahs! How do you like it?



Before I say, you gotta tell me what it is!



That's me! A self-portrait of myself and you couldn't tell!! Ohhh! I'm so happy — sooo happy!!

He must mean slap-happy!



You're our man, all right, Arty! We want someone with your ability.



Farmer Brown's got lots of paint. We need something to put it in and what'll we do for brushes? Mine are too small.



Hurrah! Bottle tops! Just the thing to put the paint in!

And we can load them on this roller-skate! Some of the others can help us pull it.



These will make lovely brushes! They're soft as feathers!



Careful, now, fellows!



Just how is all this paint going to make the caterpillars stop fighting?

Maybe Arty is going to paint a big picture for them to laugh at!

They're so dumb—they'd probably know what it was.



G-gosh—
Puff! This
is heavy
work!

Whew—
all uphill,
too!



Hurrah!
The top!



Why don't we just let it roll
down? Then we wouldn't
have to work
any more

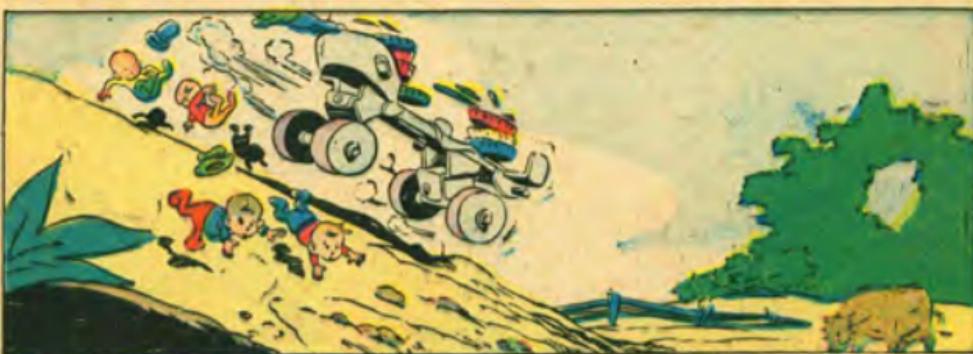
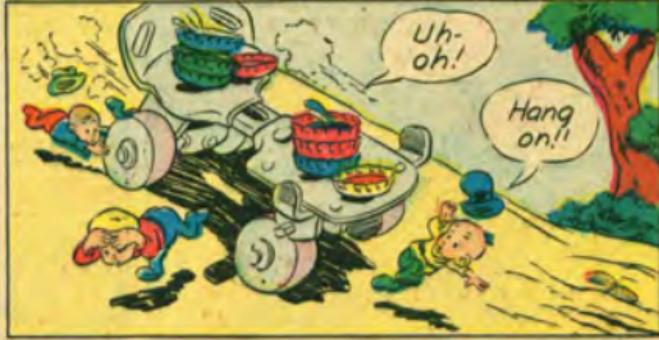


It's a very steep
hill. We'd better not!



Uh-
oh!

Hang
on!!



If only the one brave Brownie who didn't let go wasn't me!



One of us has to get out of the way!



Gulp!



I never saw a painted cow
With coat of rainbow hue.
But unless I am mistaken now,
This big thing just said "MOO!"



This time, no short cuts!
We'll go the long, safe way.



We're nearing the battlefield!
I just saw some flying pillars.



Quick!
Here are the mushrooms!





Remember, you must make them all very pretty and each one must be different.

Well—anyhow—
ours sure is
different!



Me, I like
polka dots!



Do you think it
will look like me?



Now each caterpillar will have
his own special mushroom to
sit under. Just like umbrellas!

You mean **Underbrellas**!
What folks sit under!



Yup, besides,
this way's mass
production—
or maybe mess
production!

Thanks for the dew,
boys. Good for the nerves,
you know.

B-but, Your Lowness,
they're still fighting!



Told you they would.
It's the mushrooms.
But we
fixed
them all different!
Each one can
find his own
now!

Sure—and now one that's got
stripes wants dots, and one
that's got spots wants
splashes

I give up!
Let's go
home!



Yawn—
golly, I'm
sleepy...

Me too—all
that work for
those silly
creatures!

Yes, but it was
lots of fun painting,
and I guess everyone
can't be like us Brownies.
Some folks is just naturally
fuzzy-uh—I mean fussy!
Yawn—goodnight, fellahs!
Pleasant dreams...





THE BROWNIES ARE ALL PRESENT
AND 'COUNTED FOR.
ASLEEP FOR THE NIGHT— JUST
HEAR HOW THEY SNORE !
BUT WHAT'S THAT QUEER SOUND...
THAT KLUNKETY-KLUNK ?
WHY, THAT MUST BE WOBBLE
WHO CAN'T FIND HIS BUNK !

HELL MUMBLE AND GRUMBLE
THEN LOOK FOR MOLASSES,
AND WAKE ALL THE BROWNIES
BEFORE THE NIGHT PASSES.
SO WE BETTER HUSTLE AWAY
FROM THE BARN,
AND, ANYWAY, THIS IS THE
END OF OUR YARN.